

## TRUE THROUGH YEARS.

"Sister Elsie, will you be so very good as to let me wear your topaz and diamond cross to-morrow evening? All Linden Hall will be at the reception, to meet Lionel Chetwynd, and I want to look my best, of course. Who knows but that I may be the fortunate one to win him?" said the young beauty, laughingly, as she rifled her sister's jewel casket, and tried the effect of the cross against her morning dress of navy blue flannel.

"Who knows indeed?" said Elsie Clare pausing over her sewing, to look at the young sister, to whom she had been as a mother for the past fifteen years.

When Lionel Chetwynd had left Linden Hall, poor, young and hopeful, to "seek his fortune," Edith Clare had just been placed, by her dying mother, an infant, in her sister's arms.

Now she was a belle of sixteen, with the fairest and freshest of faces, and a sunny, joyous expression, that accorded well with her deep blue eyes and curling, golden hair.

"What am I to do for her?" thought Elsie, half sadly, half bitterly, as she glanced at the reflection of her own thoughtful face in the mirror—"be side that radiant fresh loveliness, and that youthful slender grace? How can I blame Lionel if he leaves me for her? It is foolish no doubt for me to remember and rely upon what he said in those days, and if I was I should not go to the party, only, perhaps, to receive an indifferent welcome from him. Yet am I not bound to think him true until I find him false? And am I to be jealous of Edith? Never! If he should learn to love her, I will be the first to wish him success. And no one shall ever dream how I have thought of him, and prayed for him and hoped for his return, during all these weary fifteen years.

While she mused, Edith was figuring away before the glass. Now she exclaimed, carelessly:

"You are making up your mind to let me wear it, are you not? You never use it yourself, you know."

"I never have worn it, Edith, since you were a baby. It was a keepsake from a dear friend. I—I think I would like to wear it myself, my dear, to-morrow night."

"To the reception? Are you really going there Elsie?" said Edith, in a tone of genuine surprise.

"Do you think me too old for such gaieties?" asked Elsie, smiling.

But there was wounded feeling in her tone, and Edith was quick to detect it.

"Not too old, by any means. Too wise we will say, Elsie. But I am very glad that you are to be there to see the strife of the candidates for the notice of the wealthy Lionel Chetwynd."

"Let me beg that you will not join in it, Edith," said her sister seriously, "There is nothing so indelicate, so unwomanly."

"I know; but, unfortunately, it is a literal fact," said Edith, waltzing out of the room.

On the next evening the magnificently furnished rooms of Mrs. Hardenberg, in Linden avenue, were filled to overflowing with the beauty and the fashion of the neighborhood.

Conspicuous among the throng towered the tall form of the hero of the evening. Fifteen years before, when he left the village, his third cousin, Mrs. Hardenberg, had not so far remembered his existence as to wish him good by. But circumstances alter cases. The heavy purse was, in this case, the "circumstance" that had insured the wanderer this cordial welcome at the hands of his relatives and friends. It was quite possible that he appreciated it at its proper value, for he looked somewhat tired and bored as the affair progressed, and only brightened up into animation when the Misses Clare entered the room.

Jealous eyes were watching his every look and movement.

"That chit of a school girl!" thought one and another, detecting the cause of the sudden change in Mr. Chetwynd's manner. "Pretty? well—yes she certainly is pretty in a sort of way, but quite unbecoming. And if Mr. Chetwynd is sent to Congress, as he undoubtedly will be, what kind of a figure will that bread and butter miss cut in Washington society, pray?"

Meanwhile, Mr. Chetwynd made the best of his way toward the end of the room where the "bread-and-butter" miss was standing.

Edith Clare was already known as the prettiest girl of Linden Hall, and naturally had a small court around her as soon as she entered, not one of

whom felt disposed to make way for the millionaire.

Nothing daunted, he kept on till he reached Miss Clare herself. She was standing behind the circle of her sister's young admirers, entirely unnoticed and overlooked.

She was tastefully dressed in black silk, with a quantity of expensive lace, and on her bosom burned the topaz and diamond cross.

"You have not forgotten then, Elsie? You have been true to me through years as I have been to you?" said Lionel Chetwynd, as he bent above her outstretched hand. "This makes amends, my darling, for all."

It was soon over, that momentous meeting.

In the dense crowd, no one had noticed it. The next moment the group around Edith Clare had parted, and Mr. Chetwynd stood conversing with her for some time—looking admiringly, and even fondly, so said the goosies, upon her lovely, blushing face.

That evening Mr. Chetwynd escorted the sisters home. The next day, and the day after, his saddle horse was seen standing at their gate. So that, when the beautiful estate of Bayview was purchased by him, and elegantly fitted in every way for occupancy, public opinion took but one direction, and Edith was alternately teased and tormented by her youthful friends.

"He is a great deal too old for you" they would say. "But then he is so rich there is no wonder that you were tempted."

"Is it now?" Edith would say, laughing with her sparkling blue eyes and her dimples all at once.

But beyond that she would make no admissions, and contented herself with bidding all her acquaintances to the house-warming at Bayview in one week's time.

"Then and there you will be introduced to Mr. Chetwynd's bride," she would say, coquettishly, and would say no more.

The week soon passed away, the eventful evening arrived. Carriage after carriage drove up the long elm avenue and halted before the grand old mansion, whose windows blazed with light.

The rooms were all thrown open save one. A small boudoir, at the end of the long drawing rooms, was reserved, and every eye was upon its door, folding doors. As the clock struck nine, and the band struck up the well-known wedding march.

The doors flew open. Between the bowing servants a white-robed and veiled procession advanced into the first drawing room.

Edith Clare was conspicuous among those lovely girls—the queen rose of the rose garden, in her white, shimmering robes and her flowing veil.

Not on her blonde curls, however, did the mystic orange flower sit, but on the smooth, dark braids of her elder sister, who came to meet her guests leaning on the arm of her husband.

The diamond and topaz cross was on her breast. On her small, white hand shone the plain gold ring, with a diamond and topaz "keeper." Her cheeks were flushed, her large, dark eyes were liquid and sparkling, and the amazed inhabitants of Linden Hall made the late discovery that Elsie Clare was quite as handsome as her sister, "only in a different style."

"But who would have dreamed of his choosing her in preference to Edith, or any other of these pretty young girls?" said the goosies, behind their fans. "My dear, she must be thirty years old, if she is a day."

To that sin, if there be one, Elsie Chetwynd pleads guilty. But in the eyes of her husband she is still as fair, as fresh, as lovable as when they parted secretly, with tears and kisses, half sadly, half hopefully, pledging the truth to which, in spite of all that fate could do to separate them, they were both so true through years.

Of all the absurdities of our political system, rotation in office is one of the most glaring. Under this, in a large part of the country, as soon as a representative or official of any sort has gained experience which makes him valuable, he is "rotated" out, and a man without experience is "rotated" in. Any one acquainted with legislative bodies knows that, whatever may be the worth of the average representative during the first term, he is twice as valuable to his constituents and to the country during his second, and five or ten times as valuable during his third term. Nothing aggravates this vicious state of things so much as the spoils system. There is a profound philosophic truth in the remark that every bestowal of an office makes ninety-nine enemies and one ingrate. [Professor Andrew D. White.]

For all pulmonary, urinary and digestive diseases, and affections of the heart and brain, use Brown's Iron Bitters. It strengthens every part, and cures by its soothing and refreshing effect.

Looking into Bivalve Anatomy—How an Oyster Feeds and Maintains itself.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, cunningly devised intestines, and other necessary organs, just as all living, moving, intelligent creatures have. And all these things are covered from men's rudely inquisitive gaze by a mantle, of pearly gauze, whose wool and warp put to shame the frost lace on your windows in winter.

The mouth is at the smaller end of the oyster, adjoining the hinge. It is of oval shape, and, though not readily seen by an inexperienced eye, its location and size can be easily discovered by gently pushing a blunt bodkin or similar instrument along the surface mentioned. When the spot is found, your bodkin can be thrust between the delicate lips and a considerable distance down toward the stomach without causing the oyster to yell with pain. From this mouth is, of course, a sort of canal to convey the food to the stomach, whence it passes into the intestines. With an exceedingly delicate and sharp knife you can take off the "mantle" of the oyster, when there will be disclosed to you a half-moon-shaped space just above the so-called "heart." This space is the oyster's pericardium, and within it is the real heart, the pulsations of which are readily seen. The heart is made up of two parts, just as the human heart is, one of which receives the blood from the gills through a network of blood-vessels, and the other drives the blood out through arteries. In this important matter the oyster differs in no respect from other warm or cold blooded animals. And no one need laugh incredulously at the assertion that oysters have blood. It is not ruddy, according to the accepted notion about blood, but it is nevertheless blood to all oyster intents and purposes. In the same vicinity, and in marvellously proper positions, will be found all the other organs named. But it is very proper to be incredulous about the mouth and organs. At first glance it would seem that they were utterly useless, for the mouth cannot snap around food, and the oyster has no arms wherewith to grab its dinner or lunch. True, apparently, but only apparently, for each oyster has more than a thousand arms—tiny, delicate, almost invisible. And each one of them is incessantly at work gathering up food and gently pushing it into the lazy mouth of the indolent, comfortable creature. The gills are the thin flaps so notably perceptible around the front face part of the undressed oyster, below the muscle. Each of these gills is covered with minute, hair-like arms, very close together, and perpetually in motion, to and fro, in the same direction. They catch food from the water, strain it carefully of improper substances, and waft it upward over the mantle's smooth surface to the gaping mouth, which placidly gobbles it up until hunger is appeased and then the body goes to sleep without turning over. Anyone can observe this singular process of feeding by placing a minute quantity of some harmless coloring matter on the gills. If it will not offend the oyster's delicate palate the coloring matter will be seen at once propelled by invisible hands toward the mouth and thence slowly down into the stomach. And this is all I know about oyster anatomy, except that the liver almost entirely surrounds the stomach, and is of a dark green color. It may be new to many to know that oysters are born precisely the same way that shad and other fish come into the world. A well-educated lady oyster will lay 125,000,000 eggs—so it is said; I have not counted enough of them to strike such a large average—and every one of these eggs will ultimately become fit for a stew or fry if they escape the multitude of perils that do environ the infant oyster. [Baltimore Gazette.]

According to the *Figure*, beef stewed in beer, and strongly odoriferous of the latter, is the Prince Imperial of Germany's favorite food, while his mother revels in cels and carp with beer sauce, the venerable Emperor meanwhile lapping up with infinite gusto his beer soup.

There are 300,000 dogs in our State. What is fed to those dogs would make 90,000,000 pounds of pork fat. At six cents per pound this would bring \$5,400,000. This sum would build 5,400 school-houses at \$1,000 apiece. [Nashville Banner.]

A widow of Shelbyville, Ind., aged 36, induced her daughter to discard a lover, aged 24, and then wooed him herself, and with such success that the wedding day is fixed.

An English statistician calculates that every man on an average speaks fifty-two volumes of 600 octavo pages per annum, and that every woman yearly brings out 520 volumes of the same size in talk.

It is said sulphur and lard, when touched here and there, keep rabbits from injuring trees.

His First Letter.

It was his first letter home from boarding school, and it read as follows: DEAR FATHER—I write you before I write ma becoz I know you like to see ma mad. I think I will get along with my lessons first-rate. The garden here is full of chickens, which makes the walking bad. In history I've got as far as Alexander the Great. He carried a sword to cut knots with. There is an apple orchard half a mile off. The boys play ball in it; after that there ain't much apples. The minister's son was licked this morning for going fishing on Sunday. He caught lots of fish, and says he is going again next Sunday. I think I like the minister's boy a good deal. Send me some marbles as soon as you can, also a jack-knife and a top. Two of us boys left a piece of wet soap at the head of the stairs just before day-break, and by the time the cook got to the bottom she was too sick to get breakfast. We have prayers reg'lar every day, and the teacher reads out of the Bible, but I don't think its so bully as playing tag in a hay loft. From your affectionate son, SAMUEL. [Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Mr. Blank" began a citizen, as he entered an office near the city hall, "just one year ago to-day, I came in here and called you a liar. I believed what I said, and for a year we have not spoken to each other. Within a week past I have found out that I was mistaken, and now I apologize for my harsh words, and express my sorrow that I was ever led to indulge in such language." "Mr. G.," replied the other, as he extended his hand, "your frankness begets frankness. During the last years but one you and I were friends. You borrowed upward of \$70 from me in small sums, and never repaid a dollar. This last year we have been enemies, and I am ahead financially. While I may long to forgive you I must look out for the interests of my growing family. Let us compromise by nodding to each other in Sunday-school, paying our way outside."

"Sir, I shall never nod to you in Sunday-school or elsewhere!" said Mr. G., and he walked out as stiff as a ramrod, and left the door wide open. [Detroit Free Press.]

Gen. Hewitt says the increase in pauper idiot allowances is becoming alarming. These claims quadrupled during the last ten years, now amounting to about \$80,000 and increasing at the rate of two or three a week. They come from all portions of the State, but principally from pauper counties. "I think," continued the Gen'l., "there are some shyster lawyers that make it a business to go through some of these counties and suggest to the parents of children the feasibility of drawing one-half of \$75 a year, the 'shys' to get the other half. There is a man in one of the counties who is committed of twenty-three 'idios'—Frankfort Special to the Courier-Journal.

To Inquirer—Yes, son, there is an organization that calls itself the "Union Democratic" party. It is not very large, but it has hopes. It is composed of ten men and a dog. It is a mighty poor party. It hasn't members enough to fill all the offices it could get them. Strictly speaking, it is a very small fraud, with a very large sound. You keep out of it. Good bye. [Sunday Argus.]

All the work done by the New Orleans Criminal Court since 1879, is invalid, according to a decision of the Louisiana Court of Appeals. This will release a large number of criminals, but can scarcely help several hanged murderers.

At a recent sale of greynolds in England, Princess Dagmar, winner of the last Waterloo Cup, was bought in for \$8,500, an actual bid of \$7,000 having been made. Panchett brought \$1,500.

The Atlanta Constitution notices that "a pair of black eyes gives a man a sort of rapt expression." The man with puffed eyes and face has an expression still more wrapped.

The latest device for taking in a wary trout is to cover a hook with small white grubs or worms from oak leaves and let it float down stream on a small piece of bark.

Said she: I do wish I could read French. There's an item in French in the funny column of the paper, and I know there's something improper in it."

Mr. Albert Grunwell, of Albany, N. Y., says: "I had been for years troubled with great weakness of my digestive organs, which seemed to be always out of fix. Most usually I suffered from constipation, and at other times a severe running-off at the bowels would set in. No remedy I ever tried would regulate this function until I tried Brown's Iron Bitters. It really benefited me from the first day I used it. My habits are now perfectly regular, and as a strengthening of the digestive organs, I think Brown's Iron Bitters worth its weight in diamonds."

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INCORPORATION!

The names of the incorporators are J. D. Chandler, H. C. Thompson and C. Crook; the name of the corporation is "STANFORD COAL COMPANY," and its principal place of transacting business is Pine Hill, Boone County, Kentucky. The general nature of the business proposed to be transacted is that of mining, shipping and selling coal and the purchase and sale of supplies and merchandise. The amount of capital stock authorized is \$200,000. The corporation may commence business with \$100,000, said capital stock has been subscribed for and paid for by conveyance to it of coal lands and after said \$100,000 has been so subscribed and paid in, the board of directors may authorize subscriptions for stock, to be paid in, or may be provided by said board, in any amounts, until the capital stock equals the sum of \$200,000. The corporation shall commence February 1, 1882, and terminate January 31, 1887. The affairs of the corporation are to be conducted by a board of five directors, who shall elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary, and the incorporators, together with W. F. Crook and John H. Specker, shall constitute the first board of directors. The first election for directors shall be held on the 1st Monday in February, 1882, and annually thereafter or as soon thereafter as practicable. Directors and officers are to hold office until their successors are elected and qualified. The highest amount of indebtedness to which the corporation is at any time to subject itself is the sum of \$100,000. Private property of the stockholders is to be exempted from the corporate debts. 17-41-est

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